



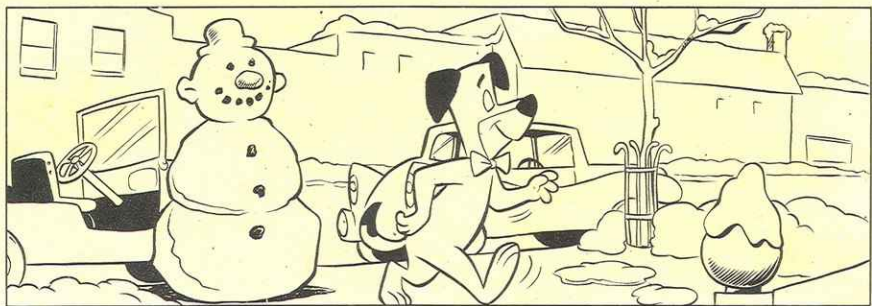
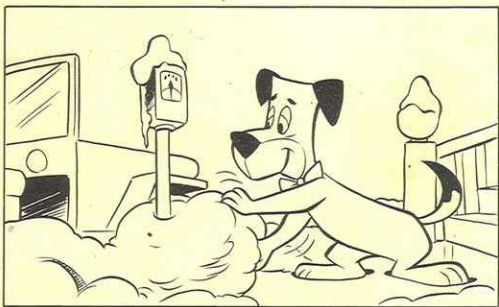
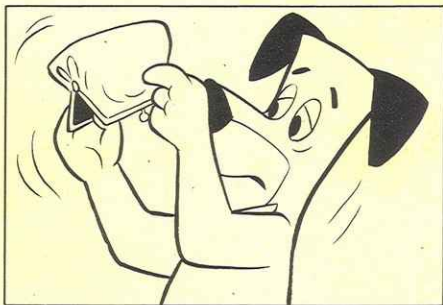
FEBRUARY

Huckleberry Hound



Huckleberry Hound

NO CHANGE



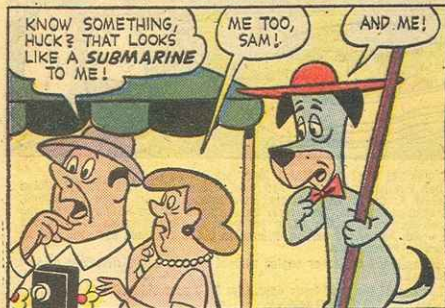
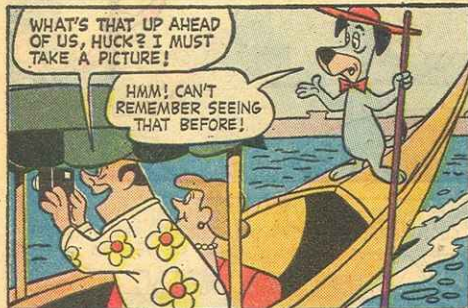
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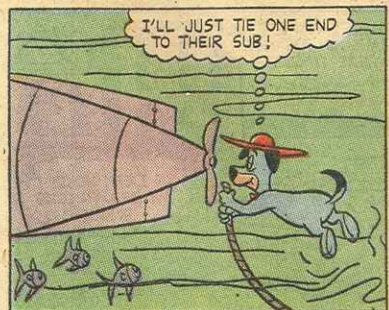


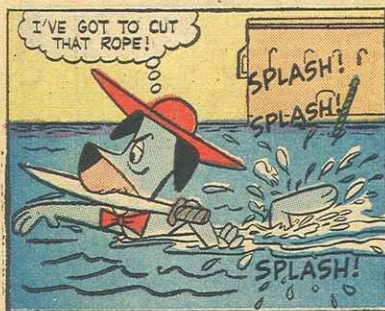
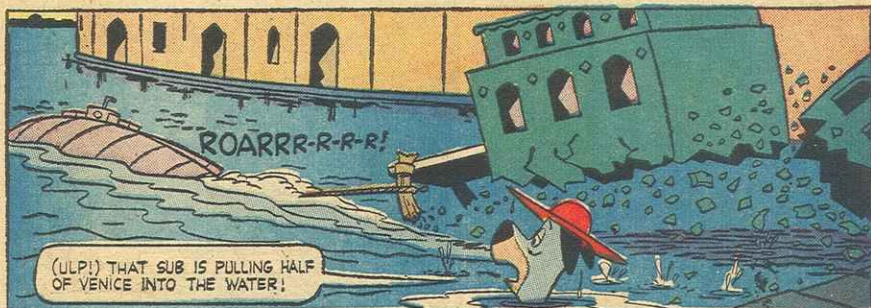
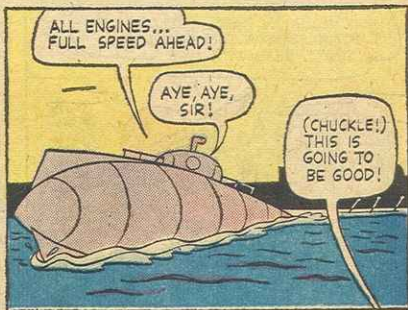
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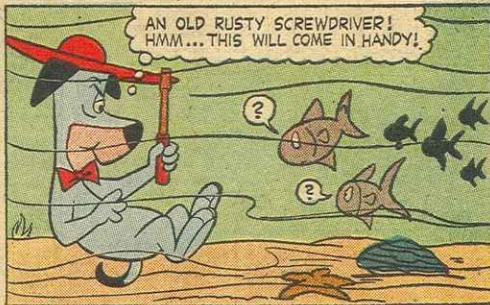
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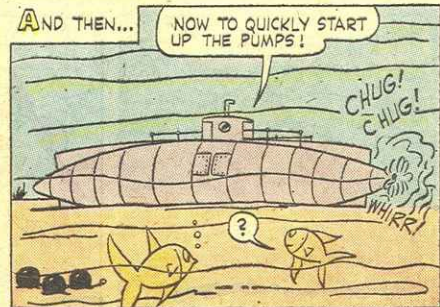
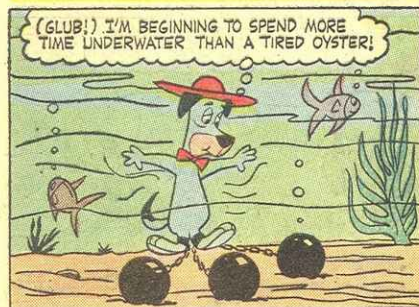
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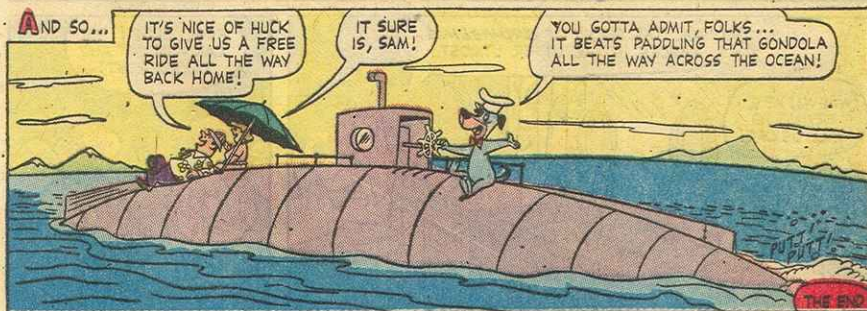




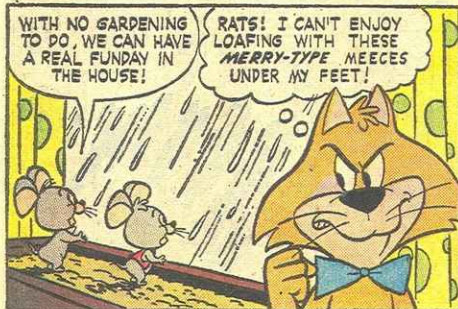


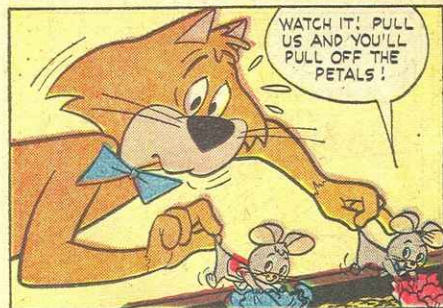


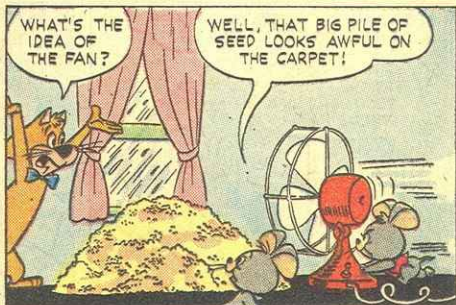
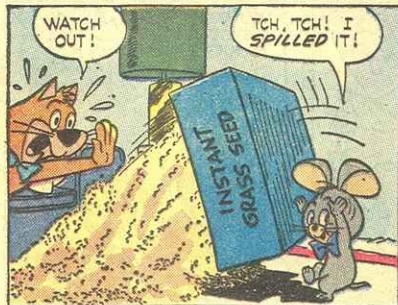
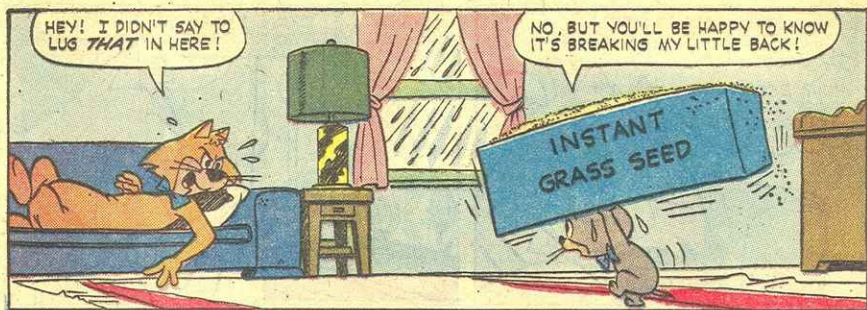


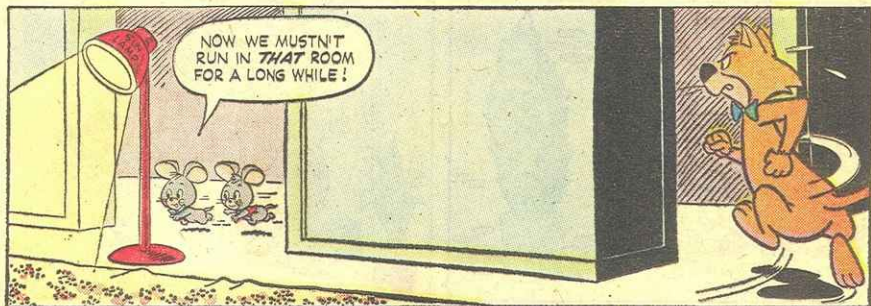
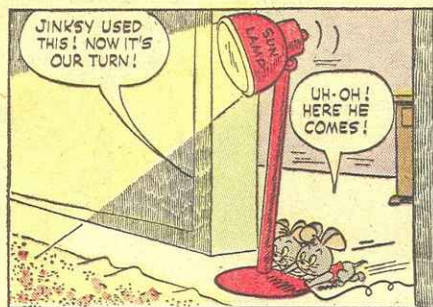


PIXIE, DIXIE *and* MR. JINKS SNEAKS IN THE GRASS







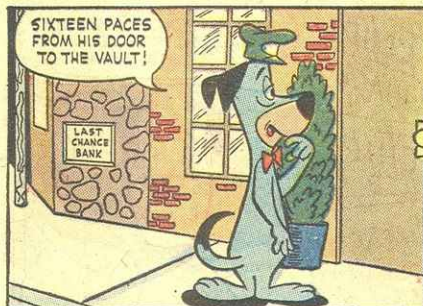


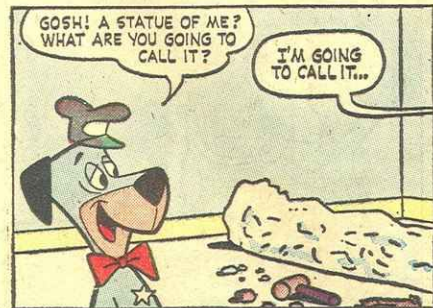
Huckleberry Hound

DIGGING UP TROUBLE





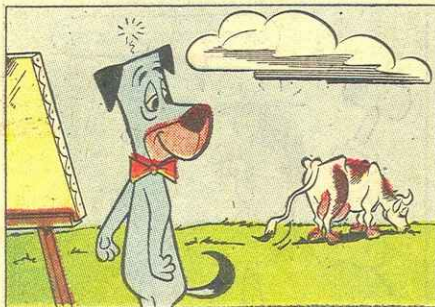
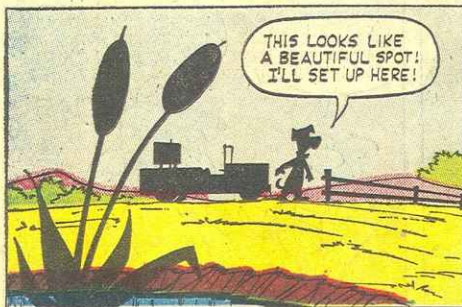




Huckleberry Hound

THE HARD WAY

LET'S SEE... CANVAS, PAINTS, EASEL, AND TURPENTINE! I BELIEVE THAT'S EVERYTHING I'LL NEED!



HOKEY and DING-A-LING A HOME FOR HAUNTS











(WHEW!) WE SHOULD BE SAFE FROM GHOSTS IN HERE!

(ULP!) DON'T BE SO SURE! WE LOCKED OURSELVES IN WITH ONE!



WAIT A MINUTE! IF THAT'S A GHOST, HE MUST'VE BEEN ON A DIET! IT LOOKS LIKE JUST AN EMPTY SHEET TO ME!



HMMM! SINCE WHEN DO GHOSTS COME FRESHLY LAUNDERED FROM THE ACE CLEANING SHOP?

MAYBE IT'S A NEAT GHOST!



NOPE! I JUST THINK SOMEONE IS PULLING SOME NEAT TRICKS AROUND HERE! WE'RE CALLING HIS BLUFF!



GRRRROWWWLL!!

CAN THE ACT, BUSTER! WE'RE NOT SCARED!

(ULP!) S-S-SPEAK FOR YOURSELF!



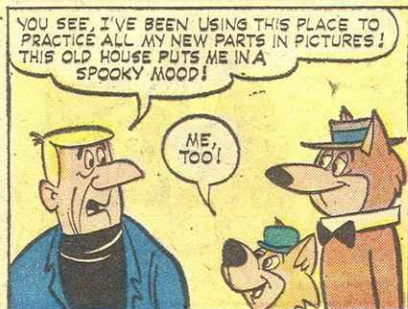
SHUCKS! THAT LAST COSTUME DIDN'T FOOL YOU! MY ACTING MUST BE SLIPPING!

IT'S MORRIS BARLOFF, THE FAMOUS ACTOR WHO PLAYS IN MONSTER PICTURES!



AND YOUR ACTING ISN'T SLIPPING! WE JUST STUMBLED ONTO ONE OF YOUR COSTUMES!

OH, WELL! I SUPPOSE THIS THING HAD TO END SOMETIME!

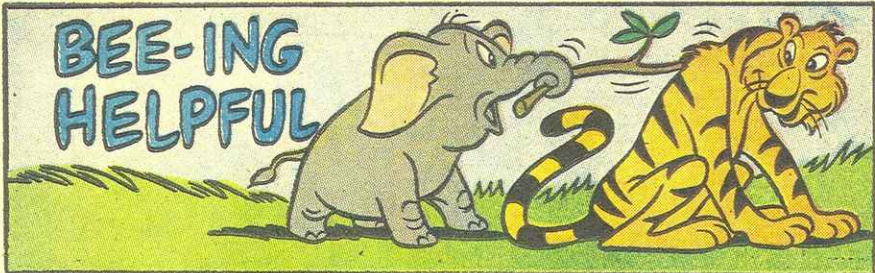


YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN USING THIS PLACE TO PRACTICE ALL MY NEW PARTS IN PICTURES! THIS OLD HOUSE PUTS ME IN A SPOOKY MOOD!

ME, TOO!



BEE-ING HELPFUL



Packy, the forgetful little elephant, was whistling a happy tune, when suddenly, from the bushes came a loud "GGRRAARRHH!"

"My goodness, what can that be?" said little Packy to himself.

Just then, a bushy head popped out of the bushes, followed by a long striped body and a nervously twitching tail.

"Oh, sakes!" cried Packy. "It's Terrible Tiger, the meanest, orneriest, grumpiest tiger in the jungle."

"GGRRAARRHH!" growled Terrible Tiger. "I'm ferocious, too. And there's nothing I would like better than a tender elephant for my lunch, GGRRAARRHH!"

"Oh, oh!" thought Packy. "I'm really in a spot now. I'll have to stall him until I can make my getaway."

Trembling with inner fear, Packy called out, "Please don't eat me for your lunch today, Mr. Terrible Tiger."

"And why not?" retorted Mr. Tiger.

"Well . . . uh . . . because if you spare me just this once, I'll wash your fine coat and run errands for you . . . and things like that."

"Heh, heh. That might be kind of nice, at that," chuckled Terrible Tiger. "First of all, you can get busy and scratch my back. It itches a little."

"Yes, sir. I'll do just as you say," the frightened little elephant replied.

Packy plucked a branch from the nearest tree, and, holding it in his long trunk, he began to scratch the back of Terrible Tiger. All the time, Packy's little heart was pounding violently. All he wanted to do was just to get away.

"Scratch, Scratch!" Packy repeated to himself, so he would not forget.

Presently, Terrible Tiger roared, "Stop that scratching now! Run and gather me some

nice juicy berries. My sweet tooth needs special tending."

Packy ran into the bushes to gather the berries forgetting this was a chance for him to escape.

"Run and gather berries," he repeated to himself, so that he would remember.

When Packy returned with the berries, Mr. Tiger devoured them in one gulp.

"GGRRAARRHH! That wasn't even a starter for my sweet tooth," growled the tiger. "See that bees' nest over there? Well, in that bees' nest, you'll find a bunch of honeycombs. I want you to go over there and bring them all back here."

"Bring them all back here. Bring them all back here," repeated Packy to himself, as he ran to the bees' nest.

Suddenly, an idea came to Packy.

"Why of course," he thought. "It's very simple. I'll do exactly as I was told. I'll bring them all back to Mr. Tiger."

Packy went to the bees' nest, but instead of gathering the honeycombs, Packy picked up the whole nest of bees. He covered the little opening of the nest with a leaf, and then he shook the nest until the bees were good and angry. Swiftly he ran back to Mr. Tiger and turned them loose. They did not sting Packy, because his skin was too thick. Instead, they released their anger on Terrible Tiger.

"GGRROOWCCHH!" cried Terrible Tiger, as the bees buzzed angrily around his head. "GGRROOWCCH!" he yelled, streaking into the underbrush in headlong flight.

"Ho, ho," chuckled Packy. "Being a mean old bully just doesn't pay around here, for even I, a forgetful little elephant, can put the BEE on the meanest and grumpiest bully in the whole jungle."

Huckleberry
Hound

CANINE CAPERS

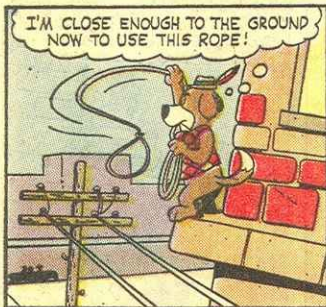


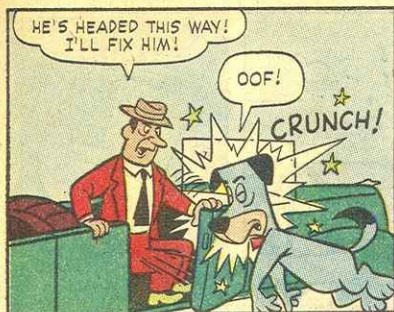












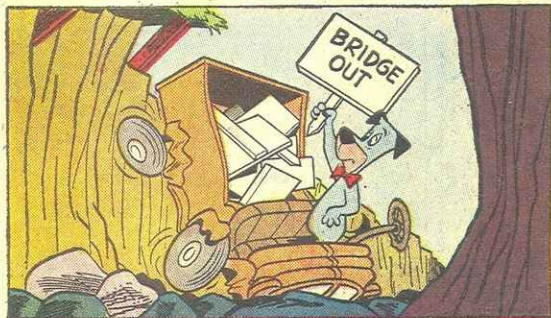
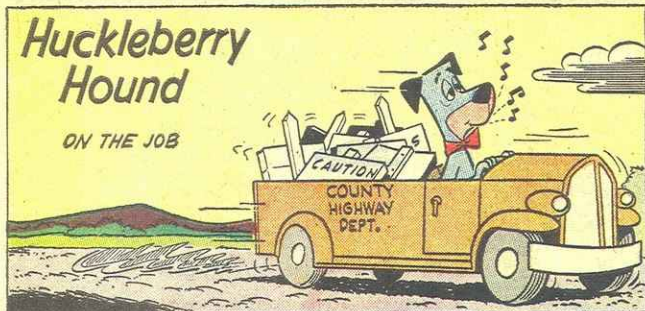
NICE
GOING,
CUZ!



The
End

Huckleberry Hound

ON THE JOB



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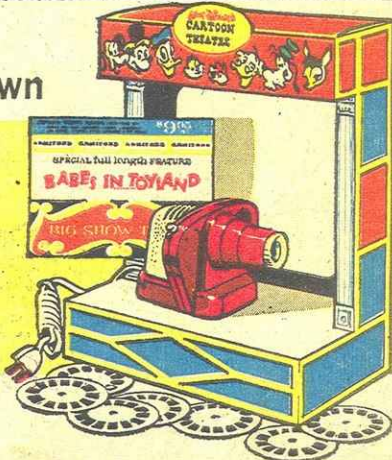
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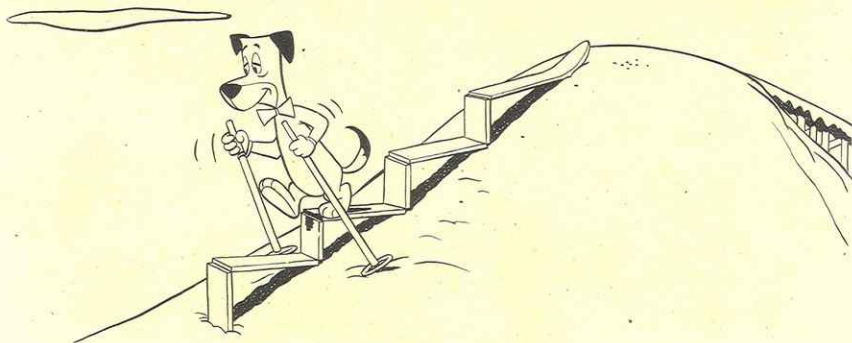
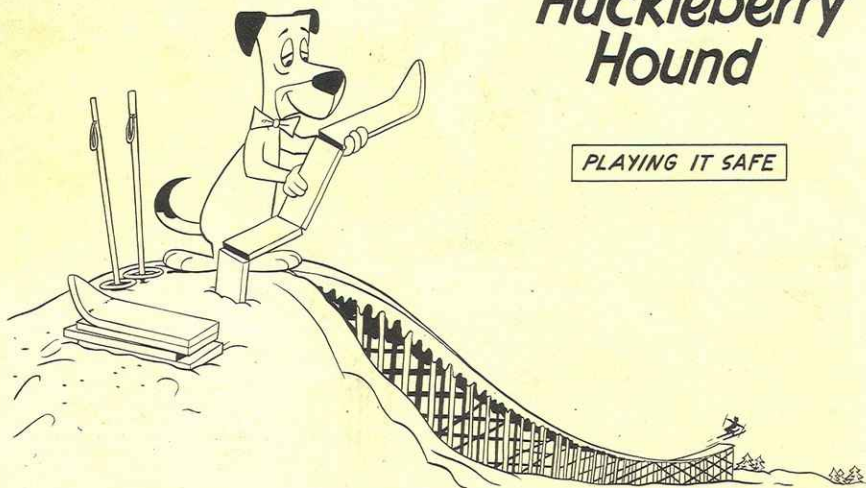
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Huckleberry Hound

PLAYING IT SAFE



Huckleberry Hound

DOWN AND OUT

